

The Rattymore's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1870.

VOL. 16.—NO. 18.

Select Poetry.

MY HEART IS WITH THEE.

When the breeze with a wail per
Steals soft through the grove,
A sweet earnest liper
Of music and love;
When gentle breezes pass,
Charm away each sigh,
And the still dew, like blessing,
Descend from the sky,
When a deep spell is lying,
On hill, vale and sea,
My warm heart is lying,
Sweet spirit, to thee.

When stars like sky blossoms,
Above seem to glow,
And waves like young blossoms
Are swelling below;
When the voice of the river
Fleets gently past,
And the forest's low sibilant
Is borne on the blast,
When willow's are swelling
From earth, air and sea,
My warm heart is dwelling,
Sweet spirit, with thee.

When the night shadows are riding,
Like ghosts on the gale,
And the young moon is gilding
Sweet, lonely and pale;
While the ocean is sobbing
In ceaseless unrest,
And its great heart is throbbing
And wild in its breast,
When the strong wind is wrestling
With billow and tree,
My warm heart is nestling,
Sweet spirit, with thee.

When in slumber thy fancies
In loveliness gleam,
And a thousand romances
Are bright in thy dream,
When visions of brightness
The young angels start,
In beautiful brightness
All wild from thy heart,
When thy calm sleep is giving
Thy dream wings to thee,
Oh, say, art thou living,
Sweet spirit, with me?

MRS. STIRLING'S RECEPTION.

"When thou makest a dinner or supper, call not thy friends, nor thy children, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy fish neighbors."
"And so we are really settled in our own house. It seems too good to be true, don't it?"
"As John Stirling's pretty wife was speaking, she let down the soft, heavy falling-bellows curtains of the parlor window, half parting, half turning, so that she sat with the Italian peasant girl and the dark, bright-eyed woman, on the alabaster shade of the drop light, might display their beauties yet more gloriously, and then seated herself in a little easy chair, beside the lounge where her husband lay stretched out in the enjoyment of the masculine comforts— evening ease and household sovereignty. Taking up a solitary bit of brightly-colored knitting, she went on:

"It was very nice, to be sure, boarding at mother's, but it was a sort of vacant life, after all. This is so much better. I have everything to do now."
"John Stirling smiled.

"And something to govern. After all, I believe it is the love of power that makes you women so delight in homes of your own. I don't doubt, gentle as you women seem, that your servants find you as austere as the Great Mogul."

"I declare, John, you are too bad; I never heard of I am sure everything has gone on so nicely since we have been here—"
"A whole week and all the brooms new. But don't look sober. I have every confidence in your ability to keep the wheel in motion."

She sat silent awhile, until her husband began to want to hear her voice again, and rallied her from her abstraction.

"What is it, little one? You seem in a brown study about something. Remember, I'm your prime minister, and must know all the state secrets and cares of government."

"I was only wondering, John, whether you would see a certain matter as I do. Do you realize how many parties we went to while we were at mother's? There were the Harbuts asked us three times, and the Graysons twice, and you know we went everywhere."

John Stirling knew that very well. Some what reserved of nature save to those of his own household, and not fond of general society, going to a continual round of parties had been one of the sacrifices he had made during the first winter of his marriage, to please his gay little wife. The idea crossed his mind as she spoke, that she, too, had worried of so much excitement, and was going to propose, for the future, a quieter life.

"Yes, I liked it," she said, with a little embarrassed air, for her woman's intuition divined the course his thoughts had taken. "I was only thinking, John, that having accepted so many invitations, every one would say we were mean if we did not give at least one large party in return. It would be just the best time now, don't you see? Everything we have is fresh and new—our drawing rooms are really elegant! I should so like to gather our friends round us, and give a sort of house warming."

do it handsomely. I could send out the invitations for week after next."
"Well, dear, you must let me dream over it. I really didn't know receptions were so much for an evening's entertainment, and the prospect of a hard winter, and much suffering among the poor. Well, I'll tell you in the morning. If I can make up my mind that it is right, you shall have the party."

The rest of the evening was a little constrained. The young wife, seeing that her husband did not care to talk about the reception any more just then, struggled bravely to avoid the subject, and, inasmuch as it held possession of all her thoughts, was rather an absent-minded companion.

That night, after his wife was quietly asleep beside him, John Stirling spent an hour of not untroubled thought. Unlike Nellie he had been brought up in a quiet country home, where five hundred dollars would have been thought a by no means inadequate provision for the support of the whole family during an entire year. Was it right, could it be right to spend it upon one evening's entertainment, for the sake, too, of people who would be in no wise benefited thereby—whose choicest pleasures were so common that they had already paled upon their senses? But then, as his wife had suggested, they had been out so much—would not this drawing back from a return of civilities look very mean? And John Stirling shrank, with all the pride of a sensitive man, from the least intimation of meanness. They were not rich. True, his capital was his own, and his business was good; but he had not felt that he could spend more than three thousand a year on home expenses, and here was five hundred extra, upon which he had not counted, coming at once. Surely he could not dare, for such a cause, to stint his contributions for the relief of the suffering? Could he afford it without? Nellie, the indulged child of wealthy parents, knew nothing of such anxious thoughts; she only heard the result in the morning. Before he gave her his good-by kiss, he said in a tone a little more sober than he meant it should be:

"Well, dear, you shall have your party. You can begin making your arrangements at once. Here is a hundred dollars for the feminine adornments; I will pay Smith and the music afterwards."

That was all. John Stirling had a sunny, unselfish temper, and when he had made up his mind to grant his wife the indulgence she craved, it would not have been like him to spoil her pleasure by any indication of dissatisfaction. Still, as I have hinted, her intuitions were strong and her nature sensitive and impressive, and she had a certain sense of having persuaded her husband somewhat against his own wishes that rather disinclined her to commence her preparations. It was nearly eleven o'clock before she dressed herself for the shopping expedition. She was just tying the strings of her elegant fall hat when she heard a ring at the door, and presently a servant came in with the information that a little child, who had brought home some sewing, waited to see her.

Mrs. Stirling was motherly by instinct, and her heart warmed at once to the shy little creature who came timidly in. It was a girl not more than seven years old—quite too young, Mrs. Stirling thought, to be trusted alone in the streets; but then she herself had been brought up under the successive rule of nursery-maid and governess.

She took the bundle from the child's hand, and said, with the same bright, kind smile which had wiled John Stirling's bachelor heart away:

"Where did you come from, and how did you find your way here alone, you poor little thing?"
"Sister Annie sent me, ma'am. She had done your embroidery, and she thought if she could get the money for it to pay Mr. Jenkins, maybe he would let us stay in the room till she got a little better."

"She is sick, then?"
"Yes, ma'am. She didn't feel well enough to come. It has been hard getting along all summer, for the ladies she works for were almost all out of town, and some of them owing her; and I've got the worry and not having much to eat it, ma'am."

Mrs. Stirling leaned toward the little creature, and looked at her more closely. Could it be hunger, she thought, that made those blue eyes look so large and the skin transparent? Was this little thing actually suffering for bread, and she going to spend five hundred dollars in one evening, feasting those who had never felt a want even of dainties? She knew not what thoughts had been in her husband's mind when he spoke of the suffering among the poor. She said pleasantly:

"Well, child, you must have some luncheon, and then I will go with you to see your sister. I had better speak to her about the work."
"Isn't it right? Can't you pay her?" The child gave a start of alarm and spoke with the premature womanliness and natural apprehension of misfortune which are among the saddest fruits of poverty.

Mrs. Stirling relieved her with ready sympathy.

"Yes indeed, the work is all right. It's done beautifully; but I want to see your sister about some more, and perhaps I can do her good."

It would have made the kind lady's heart ache could she have seen the eagerness with which the half-finished child devoured the lunch which was set before her in the kitchen.

In a few moments they were ready to start. Mrs. Stirling had replaced her velvet mantle by a Scotch shawl, her French hat by a simple straw; and with a basket in her

hand containing a few dainties with which she hoped to tempt the sick girl's palate, she followed the child across the city toward C—street—a locality hitherto terra incognita to her.

In a half dilapidated wooden house, in a narrow court, she found the object of her search. She went up two flights of stairs and entered a back room lighted by one window. The atmosphere struck her, in spite of her warm attire, with a sudden chill.

Evidently the sun never came there. The dampness on the wall, the general aspect of gloom and cheerlessness, was only relieved by the scrupulous neatness which prevailed everywhere. Mrs. Stirling had already noticed this quality in the attire of the child, which, though cheap and poor, and patched, was as immaculate in its cleanliness as her own.

At the window, attempting to sew, the older sister sat, but she was evidently very ill. Every now and then a spasm of coughing seized her, which compelled her to lay down her work and clasp both her hands to her side, while the paleness of her thin cheek flushed into hectic. Mrs. Stirling had not seen her before since spring the work returned that morning having been sent to her by a servant. She went to her and sat down in a chair that stood near:

"Your sister said you were sick, and so I came to see if I could be of any use to you," she said, in gentle tones, which, of themselves, carried a certain comfort with them. "You have changed terribly since spring. I must hear all about it; but I want you should eat what I have brought you; here is some jelly, and a bit of cold chicken—they will do you good."

The poor girl looked at the viands with the involuntary greediness of hunger. Then she blushed deeply, and said in a low voice:

"I am very grateful, madam; but if you please, I will wait until you leave me. Allow me at present to attend to you."
"No, indeed!" Mrs. Stirling spoke in her pretty absolute fashion. "I am not going yet. I want to talk with you awhile, and I shall not do so until you have taken something to strengthen you. Little Jane has lunched already."

So the gay, bright lady sat and waited, feeling, in the new prospect of being actively useful, a genuine glow of delight. When the girl had finished her generous meal and taken up her work again, Mrs. Stirling began to talk to her.

"Is this consumption, Annie?" she asked, gently, "your cough alarms me."
"No, ma'am, I am very sure it is nothing of the kind yet. There is no consumption in our family. My father was a country minister, and had a strong and healthy constitution. He died young, but it was from a violent fever, caught in attendance on a sick stranger. I think it was grief that made my mother follow him in three months. She had always been delicate, though not sickly, and she lacked the strength it required to live and suffer. It is seven years since she died, on the very day little Jane was born."

"How old were you then?"
"Fifteen, and there were no living children between us two."
"And have you supported yourself and her ever since?"
"Oh! no. My father's books sold for enough to keep us some time, and my aunt, who lived here, brought us to Boston. We both lived with her. She took care of Jane and I worked in a shop, and earned enough to buy her clothes and help Aunt Martha with the living. It is only since she died, three years ago, that I have been at all alone with Jenny."

"You came out of the shop then?"
"Yes, because I could not have Jenny there with me, and she had no one else to see to her, and indeed I have made more money since; I have embroidered so much."
"But surely you have suffered more than usual this summer?"
"Oh! yes, ma'am. The ladies that I work for are mostly out of town in the summer, and so winters I try to save something to help me through. But last winter was so hard that I had not as much work as usual and this summer we have not been very well off. I had to give up the comfortable room I used to have, because I could not earn enough to pay for it, and I suppose the dampness here has not just agreed with me."

She tried to smile, but the tears came instead. Mrs. Stirling took her hand with a comforting pressure.

"Don't cry. Better times are coming to you now. I am sure I can influence you a great deal more work. You shall have enough to do, and we must see that you move out of this unhealthy place."

Sister Annie smiled sadly.

"The landlord has seen to that, madam. I can only stay there three days longer. He wants to let the room to a tenant who will pay more; and I have been troubled for fear I should not be able to go out and find another house."

"Well, you must not feel anxious. Just leave that till to-morrow. Then if you are not able to go, I will find a place for you. It can't be a difficult matter to find one as good as this. At any rate, to-morrow you shall see me again; and, in the mean time, the pay for the work little Jane brought home will make you comfortable."

So saying, she put into the girl's hand twice the customary price for the embroidery she had done, and without waiting for the thanks which trembled on Annie Hadley's pale lips, she went out of the room, down the stairs, and returned home, after this, her first charity visit.

That was not to look into any of the windows gay with autumn goods, or to exchange her hundred dollar note on the Suffolk Bank for silks and satins. She only went for a moment to a neat, respectable looking house on Myrtle street, and then hurried towards home.

She met her husband, when he came to his five o'clock supper, with a beaming smile. The meal was well cooked and neatly served; the wife opposite him was young and fair; and when John Stirling rose from the table and went with her into her evening room, it is no wonder he said to himself, that this being in one's own home wasn't so bad a thing after all.

"What is it, Nellie?" he asked, after a while, in answer to a questioning look in his wife's eyes.

"You are sure, John, you can spare me that five hundred dollars without putting aside any rightful claim?"
"I hope so, Nellie; if I had not thought so, I should not have given it to you, much as I love to please you."
"Then what," she spoke hesitatingly, "what if I wanted very much indeed to use it for something else?"
"I do not understand what you can possibly mean."

For an answer she detailed to him the different events of the day. When she was through she said:

"It seems so hard, John, for that poor girl, a minister's daughter, too, to be suffering for want of food; and living, or rather dying, by inches, in that miserable, damp, unhealthy place. I can see how, with five hundred dollars, I could make her so comfortable. I stopped in at Nurse Smead's, where she has a nice, bright, good-sized room, and she has the sun shines half the day, which she will let for seventy dollars a year. There is a stove in it already, and a carpet on the floor, and thirty dollars more would supply it with every needed comfort. Now, if I could pay the rent of the room a year in advance for Annie Hadley, and fit it up nearly what a fine start it would be for her! It would give her such rest—such freedom from care. She would have time to get well. She's very skillful with her needle, and, with the work she could easily do, she could live so nicely, and Jenny could go to school. I have it all planned, and there, with your permission, goes the hundred dollars in my pocket."

John Stirling looked at his wife, and it seemed to him, with the generous, unselfish light illuminating it, her face was the face of an angel. But he did not say so then.

He answered her, in the tone of one raising an objection—
"But what would you want to do with the money, Nellie, I should not like you to look shabby, my dear."
"I answered her, in the tone of one raising an objection—

"Trust to me for that. I can wear my wedding dress. It is such a rich, heavy white silk, and it is not soiled at all. With a little different arrangement of the trimmings, it will be as handsome as anything I could get. But are you quite set upon giving the party, John?"
"Are you not, dear?"
"I was."

There was a pause for a few moments in which Nellie tied and untied the tassels of her silk apron several times. When she looked up, an eager light shone through the mist which had somehow gathered before her eyes.

"I suppose there are many people in the city, John, just as worthy as Annie Hadley, and needing help just as much?"
"Without doubt, Nellie; plenty of worse cases, especially now as winter is coming on."
"Could you find them?"
"I think I could. Some of the cases of destitution, which he can not afford to relieve, make a business man's heart ache almost every day."

"Then four hundred dollars extra, which you would not have given otherwise, will do a great deal."
"Yes, a great deal. It is a large sum."
"Yes, it is a large sum, as you said last night, to be spent on a single evening's entertainment for those who do not need it, but not large when we compare it with the wants of those who suffer. John, I have no wish to give that party. Will you take the money for doing good?"

"But those who have invited us, Nellie? The Harbuts, the Graysons; all your many friends? One wouldn't like to be thought mean."
"We can ask them all, a few at a time—all those we care for. Your ordinary house-keeping allowance is liberal enough for that. If that does not please them, after all, John—and the little woman hid her face on her husband's shoulder, for she was one who seldom uttered her deepest thoughts, or mentioned, even to him, the emotions which she held most sacred—"it they should not approve it, it matters so much more what He thinks who told us to invite to our feasts, the poor, the maimed, and the blind. I have been blind till to-day. I don't care for large parties any more."

"You shall do as your heart has counselled you, Nellie. The money shall be at your disposal to-morrow. We will give our reception to the guests whom God himself graciously chose for us."
He said no more just then, but Nellie Stirling had unconsciously gained in that hour a new and holier hold on the heart of her husband. He had loved the gay, half-spoiled girl; what word expresses what he felt for the noble, self-sacrificing woman whom had that day been revealed to him.

Annie Hadley's heart was lightened next day of a weary burden, and she was as grateful for Mrs. Stirling's delicacy as for her aid.

The Lawyers and the Cats.

Two Arkansas lawyers were domesticated in the rude hotel of a country town. The hotel was crowded, and the room allotted to our two heroes was also occupied by six or eight others. Shake down beds enough to accommodate the guests, were disposed about the room, against the four walls, leaving an open space in the centre of the apartment.

Judge Clark lay with his head to the north, on one side, and Judge Thomas lay with his head to the south, on the other side of the room. So far as that room was concerned, it might be said that their heads represented the north and south poles, respectively.

All the other beds in the room were occupied. The central part of the room was deemed neutral ground, in which the occupants of the different beds had equal rights. Here in picturesque confusion lay the boots, hats, coats and breeches of the sleepers. There were no windows, and though the door was open, there being no moon, the night was very dark in that room.

The wily lawyers, who had been opposing counsel in a case tried in the town court that day, and had opposed each other with the incantation of wild pigs, were now the very incarnation of meekness, for when the hungry swarms of mosquitoes settled down and bit them on the one cheek, they slowly turned the other to be bitten also.

But hush! hark!
A deep sound strikes the ear like a rising knell!
"Me-ow-ow!"
Judge Clark and Thomas were wide awake, and sitting bolt upright in an instant.

Again the startling cry!
"Ye-ow, ye-ow!"
"There's a d—!" cat-whispered Clark. "Scat, you!" hissed Thomas.
Cat paid no attention to these demonstrations, but gave vent to another, much louder orw.
"Oh, Lord!" cried Clark, "I can't stand this! Where is she Thomas?"
"On your side of the room somewhere," replied Thomas.
"No she is on our side," said Clark.
"Ye-ow-ow!"
"There, I told you she was on your side," they both exclaimed in a breath.

And still the "yow!" went on.
The idea now entered the heads of both the lawyers, that by the exercise of certain strategy they might be enabled to execute a certain flank movement on the cat, and to tally demoralize him. Practically each determined to "file a motion to quash" the cat's attachment for that room.

Each kept his plan to himself, and in the dark, unable to see each other, prepared for action.
Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that the same plan suggested itself to both. In words, the plan would be about as follows:

The yowler is evidently looking and calling for another cat, with whom he has made an appointment. I will imitate a cat, and this cat will think the other cat's around. This cat will come toward me, and when he shall have arrived within reach, I'll bludge away with anything I can get hold of, and knock the mew-ow out of him.

So each of the portly Judges, noiselessly as cream comes from the surface of the milk, hoisted himself upon his hands and knees, and, hippopotamus fashion advanced to the neutral ground occupying the central portion of the room. Arrived there, Judge Clark selected a boot jack and Judge Thomas a heavy cow hide boot, from the heap, and settled themselves down to the work.

Clark tightened his grasp on the boot-jack, and throwing up his head, gave vent to a prolonged and unearthly "Ye-ow-ow!" that would have reflected credit upon ten of the largest kind of cats.

"Aha," thought Thomas who was not six feet away, "he is immediately close a round. Now I'll invade him!" and he gave the regular dark night call of a feminine cat.
Each of the Judges now advanced a little closer, and Clark produced a questioning "Ow-ow?"
Thomas answered by a re-answering "Pur-ow! pur-ow!" and they advanced a little more.

They were now within easy reach, and each imagined the cat had but a moment more to live, whaled away, the one with his boot, the other with his boot-jack.

The boot took Clark square in the mouth, demolishing his teeth, and the boot-jack came down on Thomas' head just as he was in the midst of a triumphant "Ye-ow!"
When lights were brought the cat had disappeared, but the catastrophe was in opposite corners of the room, with heels in the air, swearing blue streaks.

An Irish gentleman fought a duel with an intimate friend, because he had asserted that he was born without a shirt to his back.

Fanny Fern having said that men of the present day are fast, Prentice replies that they have to be to catch the women.

Somebody aptly describes credit as "a wise provision by which Constables and Sheriffs get a living."

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.

D. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provision, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

DAVID G. NIVLINO, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. ap23

MERRILL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 65.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, etc., Room in Graham's row, Market Street. Nov. 18.

H. BUCHER SWOPE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Graham & Bigler's store. Nov. 18.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa. June 9th, 1869.

J. B. M'ENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 21st Street, one door south of Leach & Hilditch. Clearfield, Pa. June 9th, 1869.

TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. PORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sanded Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Raisins, etc., Ac., Graham's Row, Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 10.

J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 1863.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Patents, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1858.

KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1863.

JOHN GIBBS, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April, 59.

JOHN MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Raisins, etc., Ac., Room on Market Street, a few doors east of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building, on Market Street, opposite the Court House, nearly opposite the Court House. June 30, 69.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

EDWARD MACK, Market Street, nearly opposite the residence of H. H. Swoope, Esq.

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, that he has opened a BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, in the building lately occupied by J. L. Castle, as a law office, and that he is determined not to be outdone either in quality of work or prices. Special attention given to the manufacture of second work, French Kip and Calf Skins, of the best quality, always on hand, give him a call. June 24, '64.

J. P. KRATZER, Clearfield, Penn'a. Dealer in Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Millinery Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Stone-ware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt, etc., constantly receiving new supplies from the cities, which he will dispose of at the lowest market prices, to customers. Before purchasing elsewhere, examine his stock. Clearfield, August 25, 1867.

HOMER INDUSTRY! BOOTS AND SHOES. Made to Order at the Lowest Rates. The undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, to give him a call at his shop on Market St., nearly opposite Harwick & Irwin's drug store, where he is prepared to make or repair anything in his line. He is determined to him will be executed with promptness, strength and neatness, and all work warranted as represented. I have now on hand a stock of extra French calf skins, superb gaiter tops, etc., that I will finish up at the lowest figures. June 13th, 1868. DANIEL CONNELLY.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO. ADOLPH SCHOLPP, MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN CIGARS AND TOBACCO, CLEARFIELD, PA.

Would respectfully announce that he has removed to the large and commodious store-room, opposite the Court House, Second Street, where he has opened a general assortment of Tobacco, Cigars, etc., which he is prepared to sell, wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices.

His cigars are made of the very best materials, and in style of manufacture will compare with those of any other establishment. He has always on hand a superior article of chewing and smoking tobacco, to which he directs the attention of "lovers of the weed." Merchants and Dealers, throughout the county supplied at the lowest wholesale prices. Call and examine his stock when you come to Clearfield. June 18, 1868.

H. F. NAUGLE, WATCH MAKER, GRAHAM'S ROW, CLEARFIELD. The undersigned respectfully informs his old customers and the public, that he has on hand (and constantly receiving new additions) a large stock of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

CLOCKS, a large variety from the best Manufacturing Countries, including the best Spring and Weight, and Levers, Time, Strike and Alarm clocks.

WATCHES—a fine assortment, silver Hunting and open case American patent Levers, plain and full jeweled.

GOLD PENS, an elegant assortment of the best quality. Also, in silver extension and desk holders.

SPECTACLES, a large assortment, far and near sight, colored and plain glass.

JEWELRY, of every variety, from a single piece to a full set.

Also, a fine assortment of Spoons, Forks, single knives, etc., plated on genuine Alabama.

A S. S. Hair Jewelry, with pure gold mounting, get up to order. Call and see the book which they respectfully invite the attention of the public generally. Our assortment is unsurpassed in this section, and is being sold very low for cash. The stock consists in part of:

DRY GOODS of the best quality, such as Prints, Delaines, Alpaca, Merinos, Ginghams, Muslins, bleached and unbleached, Shirtings, Tickings, cottons and wools, Flannels, Cassimers, Ladies' Shawls, Coats, Nubias, Hoods, Hosiery, Balmain's, etc., etc., all of which will be sold for cash. Also, a fine assortment of the best of

MENS WEAR, consisting of Drawers and Shirts, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Handkerchiefs, cravats, etc.

Also, Raft Rope, Dog Rope, Rattina Augurs and Axes, Nails and Spikes, Tinware, Lamps and Lamp wicks and chimneys, etc., etc.

Also, Queensware, Glassware, Hardware, Groceries, and spices of all kinds. In short, a general assortment of every thing usually kept in a retail store, all cheap for cash, or approved country produce. Nov. 28-jan-1868. WRIGHT & BOZS.

FURNITURE ROOMS. JOHN GUELICH. Desires to inform his old friends and customers that, having enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make to order such furniture as may be desired, in good style and at cheap rates for cash. He mostly has on hand at his "Furniture Rooms," a varied assortment of furniture, among which is:

BUREAU AND SIDEBORDS, Wardrobes and Book-cases; Centre, Sofa, Parlor, and Bed-room, and Dining extension Tables.

SOFA OF ALL KINDS, WORK STANDS, HAT RACKS, WASH-STANDS, etc.

Spring-seat, Cane-bottom, and Parlor Chairs; and common and other Chairs.

LOOKING-GLASSES. Every description on hand, and new glasses for old frames, which will be put in on very reasonable terms on short notice.

He also keeps on hand, or furnishes to order, Hair, Corn-hair, Hair and Cotton top Mattresses.

COFFINS OF EVERY KIND, Made to order, and furnished with a lining, whenever desirable.

Also, House painting done to order.

The above, and many other articles are furnished to customers cheap for cash or exchanged for approved country produce. Cherry, Maple, Poplar, Linwood and other Lumber suitable for the best uses, taken in exchange for furniture.

Remember the shop is on Market Street, Clearfield, and nearly opposite the "Old Jew Store." December, 1861. JOHN GUELICH.